

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Noble Literature;

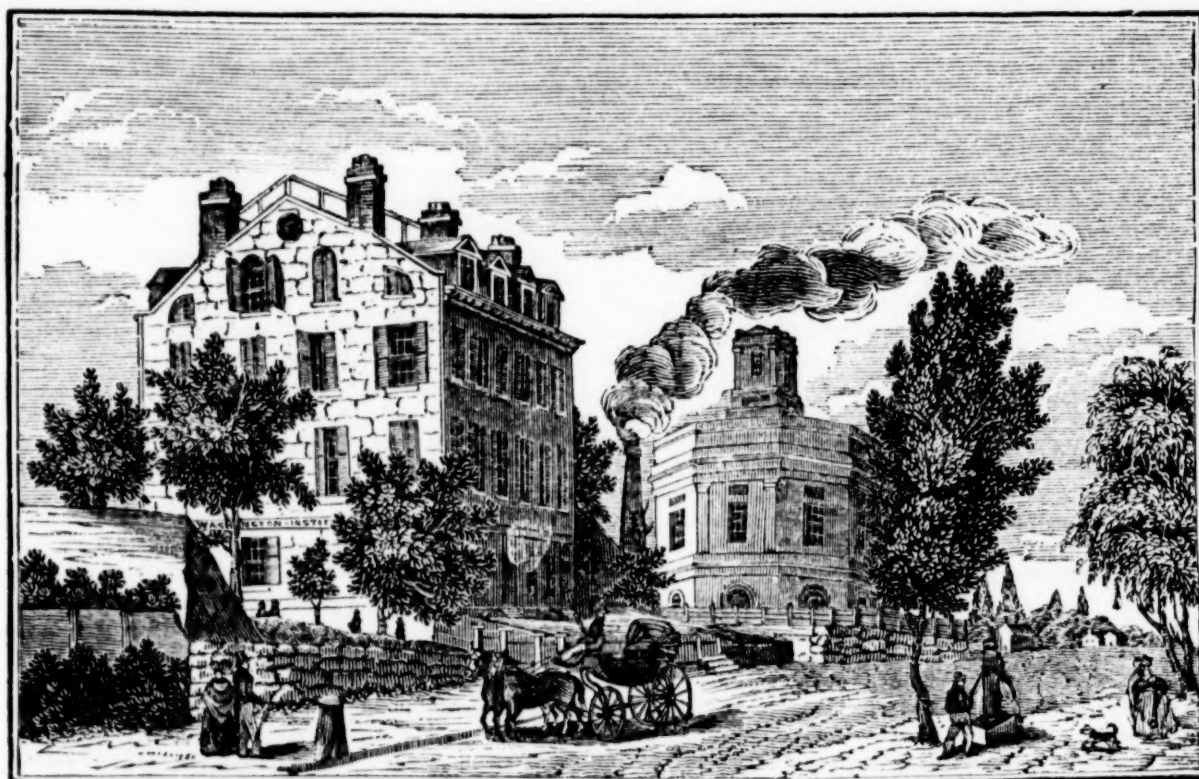
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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NEW-YORK CITY RESERVOIR.



DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

This building was erected in 1829, by the corporation of New-York, for the purpose of supplying the city with water in cases of fire. It stands in the Bowery, near Thirteenth-street, and two miles from the City Hall, on a surface fifty-seven feet above tide-level. The tank or cistern rests on a foundation of solid stone masonry, forming a circle of forty-four feet diameter and thirty feet high. The tank itself, formed of cast-iron plates united by screws and cement, is forty-two feet diameter by twenty feet, six inches, in height, and holds twenty-five hundred hogsheads of water. The whole building rises seventy-five feet above the ground to the top of the tank and is surmounted by a cupola, making in all one hundred feet. It forms a very picturesque object to boats passing through both the East and North rivers.

After breaking ground to obtain water, and penetrating through the earth to the distance of eleven feet, the workmen employed in digging the well of the reservoir, came to the bed of rock forming the base of the city, and extending, in all probability, at various depths, to Blackwell's island, and under the waters of the Hudson. Through this rock they bored a well one hundred and thirteen feet in depth by seventeen feet in

diameter, with two shafts extending in opposite directions, east and west, seventy-five feet each way, and another branch from the western shaft northerly twenty-two feet. The well is calculated to furnish eight hogsheads of water an hour, which is raised into the tank by a steam-engine of fifteen-horse power.

Attached to the bottom of the cistern, is a valve, communicating with a twenty-four-inch pipe, which conveys the water to the main branches in Thirteenth-street, through which it is conducted to the different sections of the city. All the lines of pipe are furnished with hydrants for discharging the water, at intervals of ten or twenty rods, with stop-cocks. &c. Each hydrant will supply two engines with water, the force of which is so great, that in case of emergency, it can be thrown to any necessary height by attaching the apparatus of the hydrants to the engine leaders.

This Reservoir has been very beneficial to New-York in extinguishing fires, but is inadequate to furnish the city with as abundant a supply as the Croton Aqueduct will convey to it.

The water obtained here is soft and of the most salubrious quality imaginable, as it filters through beds of rock, sparkling, in its subterraneous course, with the utmost brilliancy.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE, Or, The False Teeth.

A Story that hath more Truth than Fiction in it.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

I.

CAROLINE ARCHER was the most beautiful milliner's apprentice that tripped along the streets of Philadelphia. She was just seventeen; with the softest brown hair, that would burst into a thousand ringlets over her neck and shoulders, all she could do to teach it to lay demurely on her cheek, as a milliner's apprentice should do. Her eyes were of the deepest blue of the June sky after a shower, not that showers often visited her brilliant orbs, for she was as happy hearted as a child, and to sing all day long was as natural to her as to the robin red-breast—at least it was until she became a milliner's apprentice, when she was forbid to sing by her austere mistress, as if a maiden's fingers would not move as nimbly with a cheerful carol on her tongue. Her smile was like light, it was so beaming; and then it was so full of sweetness, and gentle-heartedness! It was delightful to watch her fine face, with a

smile mantling its classical features, and her coral lips just parted showing the most beautiful teeth in the world. One could not but fall in love with her outright at sight—yet there was a certain elevated purity and dignity about her that checked lightness or thought of evil in relation to her.

Caroline Archer was the daughter of the widow of a highly respectable merchant, who died during the cholera season. After his death he was found to be insolvent, and from affluence and comfort, Mrs. Archer became poor and dependent upon her own exertions. Possessing native energy of character and inspired to exertion by the necessity of providing for four children, the eldest of whom, our heroine Caroline, was but nine years of age, she collected a remnant of furniture, and tenanted a small but neat house in an obscure street in the rear of Arch-street. Here she eked out a little pittance which she had saved from the sale of her jewelry, by taking in sewing from mantua-makers and milliners, and by needle and worsted-work, which she disposed of when completed at the usual depositories for such articles. Thus by great care, prudence and industry, she was enabled to clothe and educate Caroline and the three boys, and even to save up four hundred dollars, which she placed at interest in the Savings' Bank. Caroline at length reached her fifteenth year, and at that age gave promise of the loveliness that we have described her as possessing. Her mother now looked forward to the time when she should become a governess, as for that station had she been educating her, and between hope and fear was now about to draw upon the little means she had husbanded for this very purpose, and place her under a music and French master. It was at this period that the pecuniary tornado burst upon the land; and the very morning she would have gone to the bank in which she had deposited her little earnings, she learned that the institution had become bankrupt and worthless. She had lost her all; Without a murmur, for she was a Christian, and Christianity had taught her to school her heart to the teachings of adversity, she banished her ambitious hopes for her child for ever from her breast, and placed her, the very day on which she had learned her adversity, as an apprentice to a milliner and mantua-maker in Walnut street.

At the period of our story Caroline had been nearly two years an apprentice, during which time sorrow and maternal anxiety had undermined her mother's health so far that she was unable to contribute longer to the support of her family, the care of which now devolved on this noble girl. All day she labored at her needle in the little back parlor of the shop. Her task done, she hastened home through the twilight to attend to the domestic duties of her little family. After her brothers were a-bed, she would sit by the wasting invalid and toil till midnight over her sewing to earn an additional sum to purchase for her those little comforts so grateful to the sick. Her brothers, thanks to the magnificent school system of the city, were taught daily at the public school without expense, and, save the homely provision for their table, they were happy and well enough off. Caroline alone bore all the burden of toil and anxiety. Yet she shrunk not from it,

but, unweariedly, with a cheerful temper and a light heart, gave herself a willing sacrifice to her filial affection. Woman in adversity rises into the angel.

II.

Mrs. EMILY WHARTON was the most charming bride that had been led to the altar, in Philadelphia, during the winter of 1838. Her husband, Percy Wharton, was a young gentleman of fortune, just from his travels in Europe, where he had first seen his future bride. They were a noble pair, and nature as well as fortune had made them worthy of each other. Percy was generous, high-spirited, and the soul of honorable feeling. Travel had not spoiled but improved him. It had elevated his character, and given him a healthy knowledge not only of mankind but of himself. He was amiable to a fault, and not less distinguished for the quiet, gentlemanly tone of his manners, than for his learning and good sense. Emily—how shall I describe her? Let the reader imagine the loveliest young bride he or she has ever beheld, and they will form some notion of the exquisite grace and beauty of Mrs. Emily Wharton. But, then, this lovely young bride must have hair, black as the raven's wing, and eyes, as dark as midnight, with long shadowy lashes, just subduing, not veiling, their brilliancy. She should have a complexion something between a Spanish girl's and a blonde, but more favoring the Spanish, with dark, arched brows, contrasting, but harmonizing, with a pleasing forehead not so white as Parian marble, but softer and far more beautiful. She should have an exquisite profile—not Grecian—not Italian—but American—that lovely, delicate outline of the face so peculiar to beautiful American females, which possesses all the regular chiseling of the Grecian *beau ideal* without its hardness. Her nose, too, should be the least bit in the world *retrouse*, and with the most charming mouth she should have a sweet, sparkling smile, which should display a set of the most brilliant teeth that ever gave richness to the smile of beauty. Such was the face of Emily Wharton. Her figure was moulded like that of a youthful goddess, superb and Juno-like. She dressed with perfect taste, which, altogether united with her beautiful face, won for her the praise of being the finest and most lovely-shaped woman in Philadelphia. She was clever (in the English sense) without being a blue, and her conversation was full of wit and vivacity. She had a good share of plain common sense, and but very little vanity. If she was vain of any thing it was of her handsome husband, to whom she had been now four months married, and—of her beautiful teeth.

III.

It was a bright and cheerful May morning, after a refreshing night shower. Caroline Archer, with two or three other apprentices and their mistresses, were seated at work upon a superb green riding dress, which, apparently, was nearly finished. The morning seemed too lovely to remain within. Caroline glanced out of the back window into the little parterre, adorned with a few flower pots of geraniums and monthly roses, and sighed. The little canary bird in the cage hung up by the outside of the door, sung with most noisy hilarity as the slanting sun-beams, that poured into the

little yard between the tall, surrounding roofs, shone warm upon his perch, while a mocking-bird, in the neighboring yard of a French *peruquier*, poured forth a flood of ravishing song, as if trying to rival the yellow minstrel by the richness and wonderful variety of his strains. Glimpses from the open door were caught of passengers in the streets—gliding past, all gay, cheerful, and seemingly happy. Caroline sighed again, and, bending her face over her work, pursued her toil. She sighed not to mingle in the gay throng—nor for liberty—though confinement to one so young and naturally light hearted, and with a soul to enjoy the happiness of life was irksome and trying. She sighed to think of her mother's lonely and desolate condition, at such a joyous hour. "How she would enjoy this bright sunshine! If I could only be at home for half an hour to lead her forth on a short walk!" were her thoughts. She had also recently had a new cause for anxiety. Her mother's illness, had not only exhausted all her own little wages, but had left her with no means to meet their quarterly rent of twenty dollars, which was due that evening at nine o'clock. She knew not how to obtain it—knew not what to do. She was, therefore, sad and thoughtful, and full of anticipations of evil to those she loved. Unless the rent was promptly met, she knew that their cruel landlady, (for a coarse, vulgar woman, who kept an inn at the corner of their street, was the owner of their tenement,) would as she had threatened, seize upon their little furniture, and turn them into the street.

While she was indulging these heavy thoughts, a young gentleman entered the shop in front; for Mrs. Carvil, the milliner, like many others in her line, kept a dry goods store, in addition to her millinery department.

"There's a customer. I cannot go into the shop, for this braid must be set on, and if Mrs. Wharton don't get her dress by eleven o'clock I shall lose one of my best customers," said Mrs. Carvil, a little lady, with a very little foot, a very little waist, a very little beauty, a very little sense, a very little pug nose, and a very great deal of temper. "Caroline he is a young fellow—you go and wait on him!—And mind you *dare* go behind the counter with that serious, sickly, look! I can see you through the glass door, and if you don't wear your finest shop smile for him, look out—that's all—look out! I am not agoing to have my customers driven away by cross looks in my girls—when a smile that costs nothing, will make many a young fellow leave twenty dollars behind him. I have a certain smile, girls," she continued, as Caroline rose to obey her, "that has brought me in more than one fifty dollar bill in my time;" and Mrs. Carvil screwed her withered visage into an extraordinary muscular contortion that many a man would willingly give fifty dollars to escape a second infliction of.

Caroline was despatched by Mrs. Carvil to wait on the young gentleman, because she was the loveliest of her flock, and experience had shown the milliner the wisdom of this species of policy. It was only when "fine gentlemen" were the customers, Caroline was sent into the shop; on all other occasions Mrs. Carvil herself, or one of the other girls officiated.

Caroline entered the shop with a heavy heart.

and as she was passing round the counter, seeing that the customer was a fashionable and a remarkably handsome young man, she approached the place where he stood with a rising color and a step of timidity.

"Have you gloves?" he asked, lifting his fine eyes to her face.

There was a sudden glow of surprise and an involuntary change to the deepest respect in the concluding tones of his voice, as his glance rested on her face that bore testimony to her charms. She could not but be sensible of the cause of his emotion, and the mantling blush of maidenly embarrassment heightened her loveliness.

With an agitated hand she took down the packages of gloves, and without lifting her eyes to the admiring gaze which she knew was ardently, yet respectfully, stealing glances at her beauty, laid them before him. He at length selected several pairs of gloves, and taking out an elegant green wallet with a miniature on the inside, paid for them in silence, and she delivered them to him in the same eloquent silence.—Caroline was all the while strangely embarrassed, and so evidently was the young gentleman; and a timid glance she had ventured to steal of his face as he was measuring a pair of gloves upon his white and symmetrical hand, awakened in her bosom an interest in him such as she had never before experienced towards any of the numerous young gentlemen she had seen. She could not define it, but it will be plain to the female reader that it was the first tender germ of *love*. When he departed from the shop, which he did with a bow of the most respectful admiration, it was with a heightened cheek, a throbbing heart, and emotions of mingled pain and pleasure that Caroline returned to the little sewing room.

"How much did he buy?" asked Mrs. Carvil, as Caroline resumed her needle, and bent her head low over her work to conceal, beneath a cloud of curls, the confusion that she felt was telling tales upon her.

The maiden's reply was low and inaudible, as her face was still concealed, while her needle seemed to have forgot its wonted skill, and made awkward work upon the edges of the elegant riding habit.

"Miss Archer—if you please!" said Mrs. Carvil, in the emphatic tone and accent of offended dignity, bridling up her little person, and looking angrily at her apprentice.

"Six pairs, ma'am," said Caroline more distinctly, without raising her head.

"I am glad you have found your tongue, Miss. What are you doing, trollop? Look at them stitches. As I'm a living woman, if the girl is not working a button-hole stitch on the hem.—If you don't know what you're about Caroline Archer, you had best put on your bonnet and shawl. A hint's enough to some folks."

Caroline's cheek now became as pale as it was hitherto roseate; and really alarmed at the angry language of her mistress, she instantly picked out the unfortunate button-hole stitch, and nimbly plying her needle for the next half hour, when the riding-dress was completed, amply atoned for her fault.

iv.

A little before one o'clock, on the same day

in which the scenes at the milliner's took place, a gallant cavalcade, consisting of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, started from the door of one of the princely mansions in Girard Place, and, full of gaiety and spirits, turned towards Broad-street. Here they gave rein to their spirited horses, and at a rapid pace rode along this magnificent avenue, which, but for the rail-road that disfigures it, would be without a parallel in the cities of the Union. A few minutes swift riding brought them into the suburbs, and after winding through many shady lanes, and traversing pleasant roads, adorned with citizens' villas, they issued upon a spacious thoroughfare, crowded with carriages, pedestrians, and horsemen, and, soon after, descending a hill, from which was a most delightful rural prospect of woodland, lawn, and river, they drew rein at the gate of the Laurel Hill Cemetery. By the courtesy of the very gentlemanly originator and director of this lovely spot, Mr. Smith, the ladies were permitted, without trouble or dismounting, to ride through the gravelled avenues of this exquisite place.

"Pray, Mr. Smith," asked one of the ladies, distinguished less by a superb green riding-habit that swept the ground with its flowing folds than by the elegance of her figure, the dazzling beauty of her face, the perfection of her seat in the saddle, and the admirable *manège* of her steed, "pray, Mr. Smith, do tell me if that is one of Thom's statues of Souther Jonny you have in that niche?"

"Ride nearer, Mrs. Wharton, where you can look over the iron fence, and you will recognise in it a *graver* friend of yours than Souther Jonny," said the director, smiling.

"It is Old Mortality in very truth, Percy—Frank, did you ever see any thing so perfect. I wish Walter Scott were of our party and could see it. How it would delight the good old gentleman."

Which of them, Scott or Mortality, *sis*? asked the young man whom she had called Frank, the very same young gentleman that had made Caroline Archer work a button-hole stitch on "a hem." A pair of the fawn-colored gloves he had purchased were upon his hands.

"Are you not ashamed, Frank, to destroy Emmy's sentiment?" asked Percy Wharton.

"Frank has no more sentiment than *Sultan* here!" she said, patting her horse upon the arched mane. "See how intelligently he looks, as if he was alive to the beauties of the sculpture and had read Waverly. Out upon you, brother Frank."

"Believe me *sis*, he is trying to spell out that tin sign hung on the statue, like a porter's label."

"Silence, brother! this is no place for light conversation. Indeed, I think it will be wrong to ride through the cemetery."

"Trains of funeral carriages traverse it daily, Mrs. Wharton," said the proprietor, "and I always drive in in my own barouche."

"You had best ride in, Emily," said Percy, "as we have planned a long ride before we return to the city, and there will be detention in re-mounting."

Slowly moving along the ascending and winding avenues, the whole party, accompanied by

the attentive director, went through the whole cemetery, lingering here and there before a monument, and selecting lovely spots where they thought they would love to lie when life's cares were over.

"ELIZABETH!" repeated Mrs. Wharton, pausing before a simple block of white marble erected above a green grave. "How touching! Not another word on the tomb! How affecting! How touching! Here is another—'MY DAUGHTER, AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS!' What a tale these few eloquent words tell!"

Thus they wandered through the rural grounds of the cemetery, yet pausing a moment on the highest part, where all the ways met, to contemplate a prospect that has no equal. The Schuylkill, stretched away to the right and left, presenting on either hand the most perfect scenery, so that it was difficult to decide which were the lovelier, the northern or southern view. Its banks were adorned by groves of oak and elm, that from sloping green hills, descended till they hung over the water, which was black with their shadows. Numerous villas, with lawns of bright green spread before them, studded here and there with a copse or a group of venerable trees, were half hid, half seen through the forests on either shore; while the quiet and repose of the whole was relieved and enlivened by gaily painted canal barges, gliding beneath the banks and filling the air with the wild melody of their bagpipes.

"How lovely!" was the exclamation of all, after they had surveyed the beauty of the prospect.

"Do you remember Mount Auburn?" asked Percy of Emily.

"Yes, but it is less lovely than this. Here, methinks, I would willingly repose after death. I never thought so of Mount Auburn. There is a gloom and awful solemnity about its deep glens and dark dells, fringed with pine and cypress, that made me shudder as I entered them. What lovelier place of repose could one desire, dear Percy, then beneath yonder graceful willow—where the sun-beam is broken into diamonds ere it falls on the sward, and where the singing birds light and pour forth their happy song."

"A literary friend of mine who was here yesterday," said Mr. Smith, "spoke of the same spot, and was so struck with its retired beauty, that he was half inclined to remove two lovely children buried at the South and place them here."

"It is, indeed a lovely spot. If it were mine, I would have a monument erected there with simply 'Percy' and 'Emily' upon it," said Mrs. Wharton, with tenderness.

"Nay, dear Emma—this is idle!" said Percy, with a look of distress. "We will return to the gate, Frank, and mount our horses. Good morning, Mr. Smith, and receive our thanks for your kindness and courtesy. Laurel Hill is a lovely place—but all its loveliness will not disguise the fearful use to which it is devoted.—*Adieu, Emma!*"

As he spoke, he unintentionally waved his riding whip with a quick movement near the head of her fiery horse, which started back and reared with her so high, that, fearing she would

lose her seat and fall backward, she struck him a smart blow with her whip. The animal enraged at this, bounded forward along the avenue on a run, and with the bit in his teeth, rapidly followed the windings of the walk, perilling her life at every turn in the path, and swiftly descended the excavated road leading to the gate. Mrs. Wharton did not lose her presence of mind, and maintained her seat like a good horsewoman; but all her strength and management were not sufficient to give her command of the curb. The gentlemen had followed, like the wind, to intercept the horse ere he reached the gate, and were turning the angle on the mound that brought them in sight of it, when they saw the horse, who found the gate closed against him, turn short round to retrace his steps, and throw her with the saddle, the girth of which broke, with violence against a column of the arch. In a moment Percy and her brother were at her side, and supporting her in their arms. She was bleeding profusely from the mouth, but to the earnest inquiries of both she replied she was not hurt, as the saddle had broken the force of her fall.

"I have only cut my lip, I believe," she said with a smile, trying to re-assure her alarmed husband.

She put her hand to her mouth as she spoke, and with a shriek, such as only a beautiful woman with a fine set of teeth could give at such a moment, almost fainted in Percy's arms.

"My dear Emma—you are dying!" he exclaimed in alarm. "Alas, my beautiful wife!"

"Alas, my beautiful teeth!"

"Teeth!"

"I have lost my teeth," she said with despair.

"Nothing more. Thank heaven! I thought you were seriously hurt."

"My teeth, Percy! my beautiful teeth!"

"Here is one—here is another—By the road! here are four of them, sister Emma!" cried Frank, gathering up from the gravel, as he spoke, four of those brilliant teeth which had made Mrs. Wharton's smile so fascinating, and of which, next to Percy, she was so, innocently, vain. "Have you lost any more?"

"Any more?" repeated Mrs. Wharton, in despair.

"Indeed, Emily dearest, have you suffered no other injury than the loss of your teeth?"

"No other, Percy."

"I am thankful for the preservation of your life."

"You will love me no longer, Percy. I shall be a fright! I would rather have been!"

"Killed outright, you were going to add, I dare say, sis," said Frank, kissing her tenderly; "for a pretty woman to lose her life is, I believe, a less sacrifice than to lose her beauty. But never despair. You have got beauty enough left to make a hundred foolish fellows, like Percy here, fall in love with you."

"What shall I do? Mercy! my voice sounds like grandma's!"

"You have the advantage, then," said Frank, "of knowing how you will speak when you get to be a grandma!"

"Frank you have no pity! What shall I do, Percy?"

"Go to Dr. —'s, the dentist."

v.

The same afternoon, Dr. — was in his handsomely furnished reception room, leaning back in his arm chair, with a Regalia cigar in his lips, which he was idly indulging, for he had just dined. With the last Lady's Book in his fingers, he was, at the same time, listlessly looking at the print of fashions, and wondering (for he was a bachelor) how many enamelled teeth he must set in a year to keep a wife in fashionable dresses, if he should run the risk of taking one, when a carriage suddenly drew up at his door, steps were let down, and the next instant his bell was rung with an emphasis that made him start. He looked through his blinds.

"Ladies! and at this hour! The room is filled with tobacco smoke. 'Tis Percy Wharton and his beautiful wife, (I would give an eagle a piece for her teeth) and her brother, Mr. Francis Astley, who I know makes a practice of smoking in her drawing room. She is therefore used to it. I will make no apologies."

The party entered the dentist's room, and were received by him with professional courtesy. Mrs. Wharton was pale, and a cambric kerchief covered her beautiful—alas! no longer beautiful—mouth!

"You smoke good cigars, Doctor," said young Astley. "I will trouble you."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, sir," answered the Doctor, giving him his cigar case; "but I should apologize to Mrs. Wharton for smoking in my receiving room—but not expecting ladies at this late hour!"

"I have come Dr. — to ask you if you can restore my teeth," said Mrs. Wharton, interrupting him, and removing her kerchief from her mouth.

"Your teeth, madam?"

"I have lost four by a fall from my horse."

"Those beautiful teeth! permit me to look, madam."

The Doctor held up both hands in unfeigned astonishment and commiseration, for, like a professional architect gazing with pain upon a scene of architectural ruins, the restoration of which would be his gain, he contemplated the devastation of the even rows of snowy teeth he had before admired, with sorrow, notwithstanding his imagination filled up the gap with guineas.

"Indeed, madam, it is the world's pity!" he said, shaking his head.

"Can you do nothing for me?" she asked, watching his countenance with a sinking heart.

"Nature, madam, is the best dentist. I can never match the pearly transparency of the remaining teeth. Two upper and two lower, directly in front! Oh, what a misfortune. Two incisors—two cuspids! What a sad misfortune!"

"You must remedy it, Doctor."

"Never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life! Would have given a sovereign a piece for them!" soliloquized the dentist. "Have you the teeth, madam?"

"Here they are, Doctor," said Astley, taking them from his silk purse.

"Beautiful! Incomparable!" exclaimed the dentist, looking at them with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Can you replace them, Doctor?" she asked, faintly.

"Worth a guinea each. What translucent enamel! a manufacture of such would make my fortune!"

"Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Wharton, with petulant impatience, seeing he paid no attention to her.

"I beg pardon, madam."

"Can you replace my teeth?"

"No, madam."

"Can you match them?"

"I will give you five guineas a-piece to do it," said Percy Wharton.

"There is but one way," said the dentist, with hesitation.

"Name it—it shall be done at any sacrifice."

"By extracting teeth from another's jaw and placing them with the nerve still warm in the cavities of your own."

"Oh, horrid!" exclaimed Emily Wharton, with a shudder.

"Will any human being submit to such a sacrifice?" asked Francis Astley, with surprise.

"If paid for it. I have thrice performed this operation since I have been in practice."

"Who were the victims?" asked Astley, with surprise.

"Those who have the most beautiful teeth in the world?" answered the dentist, with a smile.

"You don't mean!"

"I do mean young negroes."

"Hear this, Emma?" said Frank, with a mischievous smile.

"The idea is absolutely disgusting!" answered Percy, with a corresponding contortion of the lips.

"I had rather go without teeth," said Mrs. Wharton.

"You will have to put up with the ordering false teeth, Emma," observed her husband.

"Can you match my own?"

"With difficulty, they are so brilliant."

"Try, Doctor," said Percy, "and if you succeed you shall be well paid."

"If Mrs. Wharton will do me the honor to call to-morrow, at twelve, I will then have a set that I think will suit her so far as false teeth will compensate for natural ones—especially such as she has lost."

"Doctor, don't speak of them, I beg of you. I will call to-morrow," said Mrs. Wharton, preparing to go.

"You will not think, then, of the other proposition I suggested?"

"No, sir," replied Percy Wharton, with indignation.

The door closed—the carriage rolled away—and the dentist was left alone.

"How prejudiced are some people!" he ejaculated as the sounds of the wheels died away.

"There is many a mulatress with the finest teeth imaginable—scarcely as beautiful as these, indeed—that would lose them for a guinea each. 'Tis rather shocking to a young husband's taste, to have his wife's mouth filled with an African girl's teeth, to be sure! But there is no help for it if he would have her mouth restored!"

Thus soliloquized Dr. —; and falling asleep in his arm-chair, with the four teeth he had

been admiring held in the open palm of his hand, he dreamed that a sudden cloud came up, and that amid thunder and lightning a storm of hail descended, breaking in every pane of his glass, and covering his floors with glittering hail-stones, which, as they fell, he saw to his surprise, instead of being ice, were the most beautiful teeth—*incisors, cuspids, bicuspid, and molars*—which for whiteness, symmetry, transparency, and polish, far surpassed any thing of the kind he had ever seen.

"Now will I supply Mrs. Wharton's loss and rival nature!" he exclaimed, as a clap of thunder shook his apartments and awakened him to the consciousness that a smart shower was pattering against his windows.

"My teeth are all rain water! Poor Mrs. Wharton will have to wait for these big drops of rain to chrystalize. There is my bell. I thought I heard it when I was asleep. Where is that confounded boy Pete, that is ever out of the way when he is wanted?"

Thus speaking, the Doctor rose from his arm-chair and opened his door to a servant in livery, with a dripping umbrella in his hand, who leaving a note with him, hastily departed. It read thus:

"If Doctor — knows of a young, healthy white person, with a fine set of teeth that will match hers, and who for a sufficient remuneration is willing to sacrifice them and substitute a set of false ones for them, Mrs. Wharton will consent to the arrangement, though greatly against her proper feelings. Mrs. W. will pay the person not only five guineas each, but provide, at her own expense, a set of your best false teeth for her. Your own remuneration for effecting this will be whatever you fix it at.—Mrs. W. will call at 12, as requested.

"No. — Girard Place. 5 o'clock, P. M."

"This Mrs. Wharton is a sensible woman. If her note is not written without her husband's knowledge, I have no skill in detecting mystery in female handwriting. A young healthy person with a fine set of teeth. Hum!—It were a difficult matter to find a counterpart to these four teeth in the incisors or cuspids of any 'young healthy person' of my acquaintance. I know every good set of teeth in the city. Not one like hers, though, and of that peculiar transparent enamel! It's a bad job. I will advertise!"

Thus determining, the dentist sat down to his escrutoire and wrote this advertisement for the morning paper:

"A young woman, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who has a fine set of teeth, and who is willing for a valuable consideration to part with four of the front ones, will please call at the office of Dr. —, dentist, No. —, — Row, to day, between twelve and one o'clock."

"I think that will do. 'Tis an odd advertisement, but it's no body's business! It shall go in. There's doubtless many a one of the pretty shop girls I have seen smiling and displaying teeth that would make a dentist's fortune, would be glad, for a hundred silver dollars, to lose every tooth they have in their heads. Here, Pete, you scoundrel, you! You come in now that the rain drives you in doors! Take this advertisement to the Daily Chronicle office, and tell the editor it

must be inserted in to-morrow morning's paper. Do you hear Pete?"

"Yeth, thir," lisped the little negro in reply.

"Then scamper, and if you are not back in twenty minutes I'll draw every tooth out of your head."

"Yeth, thir," answered the urchin, disappearing through the door; while the easy-tempered dentist, looking after him with a smile, gave himself up to conjectures upon the probable issue of his advertisement.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

FATE OF THE LOVERS.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

STERN cruel fate, in terror deep
Oft causes mortals here to weep;
Stamps love's gay votaries with gloom,
Then sinks them in the lonely tomb.

DURING the sickly month of August, Henry Atherton left the City of New Orleans to visit his relations in the northern section of Vermont. Years had rolled by since his eye had rested upon the mountain scenery of his native State, and in his absence the hand of death had borne his parents to the narrow prison-house of the departed. Just as the shades of evening were closing in, as the last faint ray of the setting sun tinged with a golden lustre the western clouds, he entered the quiet village of his early childhood. On his arrival he learned that his only brother was in a feeble state of health, and was even thought to be struggling against the inroads of an incurable disease. With a heavy heart and melancholy brow, he entered the moss-clad cottage of his infant years. The family circle was broken up—his sisters were settled, one in the "far west," and the other in New-York, and most of his early friends had wandered to parts unknown. Some of his more distant connections occupied their "old premises," but Henry on visiting them discovered a marked indifference to his presence, which forcibly reminded him that he was considered a stranger in the circle of his family friends. He saw his brother wasting away by disease, and with the earnest solicitude of brotherly affection administered to his necessities, and watched his declining frame with fraternal love. Time rolled on, and in a few weeks, George Atherton was "gathered to the sepulchre of his fathers." It devolved on Henry to settle his brother's estate, and while engaged in this duty he became acquainted with an interesting and beautiful young lady by the name of Blakesly. Henry possessed a firm moral principle, a generous confiding heart and frank, open disposition, united with talents of the highest order. Although he had moved in the society of the fashionable and the gay, and well understood the different phases of human character, yet the deep and holy fountains of love had never been unsealed in his bosom, nor had he laid on its glowing altar the sacrifice of his youthful heart. But when in his lonely state he found a gentle spirit, whose sacred influence seemed to throw around him a bright halo of joyous hope—when in deep communion with her lovely nature, her

brilliant eye would drop a tear of generous sympathy over the story of his sorrows and his cares, the fount of feeling was stirred within him, and he loved her with the deep and fervid inspiration of disinterested affection. While he was pouring out the rich treasures of his first and fondest love upon the object of his solicitude and regard, the malignant spirit of envy was plotting the destruction of his hopes, and the eye of slander with a malicious gleam was predestinating its prey. Although the joy-inspiring sentiment of disinterested love had entwined itself around the best feelings of his heart—though he had quaffed deep at its crystal fountains, and would have spurned from his very soul the idea of darkening the hopes or trifling with the affections of a lovely female, yet the malevolent and acrimonious spirit of misrepresentation wrought a change in the feelings of Ellen Blakesly and she treated him with coldness and indifference, and looked upon the exhibitions of his deep love as the extraneous robe of the libertine, or the assumed drapery of the seducer! One evening in the month of May, Henry called for the purpose of removing if possible the insinuations of those who were plotting their overthrow. The evening was beautiful, and nature glowed with loveliness. The stars beamed in silent brilliancy, and the pale moon shed its silver rays upon the quiet bosom of the slow-rolling stream—

The wild-flowers blooming in the vale
Sent odors on the passing gale,
And sweet perfume of roses fair
Was mingled with the evening air.

It was truly a time when the young heart forgets its sadness, and the throbbing bosom its grief—when the glorious aspirations of hope leap forth from the soul to cheer the desponding and care-worn of our race with sweet dreams of blessedness and peace. At this interview Ellen told him the doubts and fears that agitated her mind—that she would gladly throw away *dis-trust* if she could look upon his professions of love as being *sincere*, but something within, the promptings of her own conscience, bid her *beware*. Yet when he brushed away her silken ringlets and kissed her soft cheek, and pressed her fair brow to his heart in tenderness, the conviction would for a time rest upon her mind, that such *was not* the mockery of his feelings, but the pure vital principle of heavenly endearment. Soon after this, Henry was called away on business for a few weeks, and while absent penned her the following—

Hail, thou, whose lovely charms impart
A solace to the lonely heart!
Hail, thou whose gentle spirit cheers
A wanderer in this vale of tears.

Thou art my bright particular star,
More lovely than the loveliest are,
Thine eyes eclipse Promethian fires
Thy ceaseless love my soul inspires.

Oh angel fair! best of the best!
May brightest seraphs guard thy rest;
Through life may cloudless days be given,
Death but a pathway into heaven.

Since my departure, dear Ellen, I have been the victim of unpleasant thoughts—the lone companion of my own feelings, and have often bowed at the altar of gloomy solitude, closely enveloped in her dark misty drapery. I have indeed been

sad, and did I not retain some mementos of your affection, some tokens of your regard, and some convincing testimonials of your esteem, I should despair, totally despair of happiness on earth. But wherever I turn my eyes, whether above, below or around me, I see bright and glowing images of your goodness and magnanimity. The flowers that beautify the vales are emblematical of your meek spirit—the gay-plumed songsters whose notes enliven the leafy grove, remind me of your spirit-stirring voice, and the glittering stars that deck the cerulean arch of heaven, seem but to mirror forth the sparkling brilliancy of that love which in days gone by was the day-star of my hopes and “crown of rejoicing” in the “house of my pilgrimage.” In the calm still hour of twilight, when earth’s glories fade from human vision, you are the companion of my thoughts, and all my dreams of future happiness are interwoven with your destiny. Recollection is ever busy in portraying your kind offices, and often on the wings of retrospection I flit back to those scenes of sacred friendship where memory loves to linger, and grateful association entwines her fairest wreath. You are enshrined within the sanctuary of a heart whose love has known no change, and whose only wish is the confidence and happiness of his absent friend.

H. A. THERTON.

This communication breathing as it did deep and glowing sentiments of affection and love, obtained a favorable reception with Ellen, and she again thought she would give him her confidence: and with firm reliance upon his worth bestow on him the rich treasures of her sympathy and regard. He again enjoyed her society, and shared the endearing caresses of reciprocal attachment. He again basked in the bright sunshine of joyous existence, and hope’s unfading chaplets were bound upon his lofty brow.

The trials he had undergone seemed to be counterbalanced by their mutual sympathy, and his previous doubts and sorrows vanished away, disappearing like the dim mists of the morning. With what transport would he lead his loved Ellen along the shady walks of the neighboring grove, and gather for her the beautiful lillies that decked with blushing modesty the winding rivulet. With what deep earnestness and untiring devotion would he seat himself by her side, in the shade of their favorite tree, and wreath her snowy brow with fair wild-flowers, while her golden tresses waved gently in the summer breeze.

But love hath its changes, and life hath its sorrow,
And the true heart to-day, may prove false on the morrow.

Henry had already passed the zenith of earthly blessedness! The warm season of his friendship and love was now about to be veiled in the thick darkness of that gloomy night, which was to succeed the day-spring of his joys, and the horizon of his serene and sunny hopes were about to be obscured by the murky clouds of disappointment. He received a letter, and with it a refusal! —

* * * * *

Ah! the heart that loves is doomed to know
The depth of misery and human woe;
When its promised joy, or bright hope dies,
Oh! then it heaves with all its agonies.

This letter chanted in his ears the death song of worldly happiness, and echoed the mournful dirge of departed joys. His aspiring and joyous spirit was scathed by the lightnings of disappointed love, and shrouded in gloom more dark and dismal than the pall that covers the dead.

The soul-sickening thought of a separation now rushed upon his mind with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, and he was overwhelmed by its terrific energies. A blighting influence swept over the ennobling attributes of his nature, and then brooded around him in misty darkness, to witness the desolation it had made. With a mind bordering on despair, and a heart bursting with choking remembrances of the past, he repaired to the residence of Ellen to bid her a last and final “good bye!” They parted in death-like silence, and Henry proceeded to tread life’s dreary labyrinth unpitied and alone. When he had reached an eminence which overlooked the pleasant mansion of Ellen, he sat himself down for a moment to indulge in the bitter reverie of grief. He raised his heavy eye, moistened with the tear of anguish, and as he cast a lingering look upon the consecrated spot, a chord was touched that seemed to vibrate through every fibre of the soul. Every object had become identified with his early love, and in contemplation of the thought, his lacerated bosom beat with unutterable sorrow, and the rocky cliff as it received the gushing “life-drops of his bleeding breast,” bore witness to the melancholy scene.

Together they had wandered along the verdant dale,
While the music of their voices was borne upon the gale;
Together they had rambled the shady trees among,
While the balmy breath of evening, its fragrance round them flung.

The streamlet calmly flowing in soft murmurs to its rest,
With the moon-beams gently falling upon its peaceful breast;
The brilliant flowers and blossoms now dismal and forlorn,
In all of these were mirrored her bright and lovely form.

Henry, in the frantic sallies of his mind, immediately left for “the far west,” from thence he proceeded to the south, where he was not heard from for many months. Ellen looked upon his departure as an evidence of his affection, and she thought perhaps he loved her even as he had said, and in the reflection of this she passed many a lonely hour. A year and a half from the time of his departure, a young man apparently about twenty-two years of age called at her father’s residence and inquired for Ellen Blakesly. On being informed of her presence he handed her the following letter:

DEAREST ELLEN—When your eye glances over these lines, I shall be slumbering in my final sleep, unconscious of your sorrows and your joys. Since I last saw you, I have passed weeks and months of indescribable wretchedness, and now my only solace is, that death will soon undo my heavy burden, and my disenthralled spirit mingle with the just in the abodes of paradise. The bright day-dreams of my youth have been scattered by the blighting influence of disappointed hopes, and the sun of my existence is about to go down forever. Even now the destroying angel hovers over my dying couch, and my feverish brow already rests beneath the dusky

shade of his pale wing. The bearer will confer on you the remnant of my wealth as the last token of my unchanging love. —

This dying victim of distrust
Will soon be mingling with the dust;
Oh may his soul be richly blest,
And meet you in yon heaven of rest.

H. A.

The paper fell from the hand of Ellen like an electric flash! The thought of his cruel fate rushed with fury upon her mind, and she was paralyzed by its influence. “Reason fled affrighted from her throne”—She was clad in the appalling vestures of insanity, and while the only theme and “burden of her song” was regret for her lost Henry; her shaggy disheveled hair and haggard features showed in sickly terror the heart-withering picture of unsuccessful love.

The wretched maniac often pays
A visit to the neighboring graves;
And in the vagueness of despair,
Seeks her departed lover there.

Henry, by cruel fates’ command
Lies buried in a distant land;
But Christ will seal his brighter doom,
And clothe him with immortal bloom.

Ellen the once, fair lovely maid,
In bright celestial robes arrayed;
Will meet him in a land of peace,
Where all is joy and righteousness.

BIOGRAPHY.

COMMODORE MACDONOUGH.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH is a native of the State of Delaware, and at the date of the battle of lake Champlain, on the 11th of September, 1814, was about twenty-eight years of age. He entered the service at an early period of life. At the siege of Tripoli, he was a midshipman under Lieutenant Decatur, and was one of those brave volunteers, by whom the frigate Philadelphia, and the Turkish gun-boats, were destroyed. Of his meritorious conduct on this occasion, we may be sufficiently persuaded, from his having been recommended, by Mr. Decatur, to Commodore Preble, by whom he was promoted. Of his subsequent progress, we have little information, until the affair of lake Champlain.

It had become an object of solicitude with the belligerent parties on the northern frontiers, to obtain a superiority on the Lakes. Indeed, the success of the land operations was considered to be entirely dependent on that of the marine.—Commodore Perry had already established our dominion on lake Erie; and that of lake Ontario had been successfully disputed by Commodore Chauncey with Sir James Yoe. The States of Vermont and New-York were threatened from lake Champlain. To counteract hostile attempts from this quarter, the command of the American squadron on this lake was entrusted to Commodore Macdonough; while the defence of Plattsburg, depended upon the exertions of Gen. Macomb and his gallant little army; and in September, 1814, an attack was anticipated upon these youthful Commanders. Accordingly on the 11th of that month, the expected event took place.

For several days the enemy had been on their way to Plattsburg, by land and water, and it was

well understood that an attack would be made at the same time by their land and naval forces.—Commodore Macdonough determined to wait at anchor, the approach of the latter.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the look-out boat announced the approach of the enemy. At nine he anchored in the line ahead, at about 300 yards distance from the American line; his flag ship, the *Confiance*, under Com. Downie, was opposed to Com. Macdonough's ship, the *Saratoga*; the brig *Linnet* was opposed to the *Eagle*, Captain Robert Heneley; the enemies' galleys, thirteen in number, to the schooner, sloop, and a division of galleys, one of his sloops assisting his ship and brig; the others assisting his galleys; the remaining American galleys being with the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*.

In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged; the *Saratoga* suffering much from the heavy fire of the *Confiance*, though the fire of the former was very destructive to her antagonist. The *Ticonderoga*, Lieut. Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten o'clock the *Eagle*, not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable and anchored in a more eligible position, between the *Saratoga* and the *Ticonderoga*, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately left her commodore exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig.

The guns of the *Saratoga* on the starboard side, being nearly all dismounted or not manageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bower cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the *Confiance*, which soon after surrendered. The broadside of the *Saratoga* was then sprung to bear on the brig, which surrendered in about fifteen minutes after.

The sloop that was opposed to the *Eagle*, had struck some time before, and drifted down the line; the sloop which was with the enemy's galleys, having struck also. Three of them were sunk, and the others pulled off. While Macdonough's galleys were in the act of obeying the signal to follow them, all the vessels were reported to him to be in a sinking state; it then became necessary to countermand the signal to the galleys and order the men to the pumps.

At this time there was not a single mast standing in either squadron, in a condition to hold up a sail; the lower rigging being nearly all shot away, hung down along the masts.

The action lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes. The *Confiance* had one hundred and five round shot in her hull.—Her shot passed principally over the heads of her antagonists, the hull of the *Saratoga* received but fifty-five shot, and there were not at the close of the action, twenty whole hammocks in the nettings. The *Confiance* had one hundred and ninety men killed; and one of the captured sloops, the *Club*, had but five men alive. The British Commodore Downie was killed at the first broadside. Commodore Macdonough was three times knocked down, by the splinters and falling spars and blocks, but escaped with trifling injury. The *Saratoga* was twice set on fire by hot shot from the enemy's ship.

This victory was announced to the department of war, by Commodore Macdonough, on the day

it was obtained, in the following brief and modest communication;—"The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war of the enemy."

MISCELLANY.

A SINGULAR SERMON.

Four gentlemen, one of them an old minister, were assailed on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of all their funds. The old minister begged very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London. The highwaymen, being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again, on condition of his preaching them sermon. Accordingly, they retired a little distance from the highway, when, the minister addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen—You are the most like the apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you. They had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you. They were despised by all, but those of their profession; and as I believe, so are you. They were unalterably fixed, in the principles they professed, and I dare swear so are you. They were often hurried into jails and prisons, were persecuted by the people, and endured great hardships; all of which sufferings, I presume have been undergone by you. Their profession brought them all to untimely deaths; and if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But on this point, beloved, you differ mightily—for the apostles ascended from the tree into heaven, where, I am afraid, you will never go. But as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, *unless you mend your manners!*"

CHRISTIAN RETALIATION.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; "And if I catch him on the road, I'll do it again," said he. "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night and I saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them up in your yard—and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charge himself. "A soft answer turneth away anger."

INDIAN TITBIT.

A JESUIT one day found a Brazilian woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to enquire whether there was any kind of food she could take. "Grandmam," said he, "If I were to get you a little sugar, or a mouthful of some nice things which we fetched from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah my grandson," said the old convert, "my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I

fancy I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuya boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me!"—*Hist. of Brazil.*

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

"MR. SMITH you have insulted me!" "Have I?" "Have you! yes you have." "Possible." "Yes, possible! Here's a brace of pistols, sir, choose one and name your distance." "Humph! well, reckon this one will shoot pretty smart." "Well, sir, name your distance." "O, must I name the distance?" "Surely sir." "Well—let me see—humph—yes—" "Be quick sir." "The distance must be—let me see." "How much sir?" "Well—reckon a mile will do."—*Richmond Star.*

THE STRONG MAN.—"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Why so?" "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he had got him down." "That's a man, you can take your seat."

"WHAT is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he "A new novel is read because it is interesting; and you are interesting because you are red."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

W. D. Jackson Corner, N. Y. \$1.00; O. F. S. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. Eaton, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. P. Coxackie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Frankfort, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. South Westerlo, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. R. Mount Vernon, O. \$1.00; W. V. B. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Richmond, Vt. \$6.66; J. E. T. Newark, N. J. \$1.00; F. A. R. Bethel, Vt. \$3.00; L. S. Canister, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. Mansfield, O. \$1.00; W. H. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. H. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

POST MASTERS are authorized by the Post Master General, to send money for any person in a letter to pay the subscription for a paper, free of expense.

Married,

In this city, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Towner, Mr. Valentine Effner to Miss Julia Ann Lott, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, James Sutherland, Jr. Esq. to Miss Catharine, daughter of the late David Skinner, all of this county.

At Claverack, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shuyter, Mr. David D. Rose to Miss Ann Maria Ostrander, both of Hudson.

In Hillsdale, on the 10th ult. by Thaddeus Reed, Esq. Mr. John Dalzell, of Hudson, to Miss Louisa A. Selby, of Northampton, Mass.

Died,

In this city, on the 20th ult. Warren, son of J. W. and Delia Smith, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 25th ult. Mary E. daughter of Joseph and Mary Bush, aged 1 year and 11 months.

On the 2d inst. Samuel, son of Mr. Samuel Howes, aged 2 years and 9 months.

At New-York, on the 2d inst. Francis Martha, daughter of Wm. B. and Cornelia Flagler, aged 1 year and 8 months.

In Ghent, on the 22d inst. Mrs. Margaret Hogeboom, widow of the late John C. Hogeboom, in the 76th year of her age.

In Claverack, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Jerusha, consort of Mr. Nathaniel Rowley, in her 76th year.

In Chatham, on the 29th ult. at the residence of his father, David W. Patterson, Esq. Mr. Josiah S. Patterson, in the 30th year of his age.

At Saratoga Springs, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Hannah Wilbur, wife of Mr. Hiram Wilbur, editor of the *Saratoga Sentinel* and Democratic Champion, and only daughter of the late Benjamin Haviland, in the 14th year of her age.

At Port Perry, Missouri, of winter fever or cold plague, on the 14th ult. Mr. Charles McKinstry, son of Mr. George McKinstry, of Claverack, in the 25th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SAVIOUR'S DYING PRAYER.

"FATHER, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—*Luke xxi. 34.*

HARK! the expiring Saviour cries, "Forgive—
Forgive my murderers, Oh forgive the sin
They now commit against the Son of God.
Father, hear thou in heaven and then forgive
These Roman soldiers who around me stand,
Rejoicing in their horrid work of death.
Forgive the Jews who nailed me to the Cross,
And now exult in fiend-like concert as
They pass; for ah! *they know not what they do.*"
Oh Love divine! what pity dost thou show,
To pray for those who seek their malice on
Thy quivering flesh, and stain their guilty hands
In thy "own precious blood."
Who but a God could offer *such* a prayer,
At *such* a time! What but eternal love
Thus moved the secret spring of tenderness,
And dropt the tear of mercy on the hand
That slew the Lord of glory on the tree!
'Twas love unfathomed—boundless grace untold
That issued from the dying Saviour's lips.
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
Oh what a prayer was that!
It sounded like the lute of heaven, breaking
In holy accents on the ear of man,
It hushed the gathering thunder's fearful roar,
It stilled the quaking earth's convulsive groan,
Then rising upward through the darkened sky—
Was heard in heaven.
They knew not what they did, when thus they slew
The Prince of life; they little thought that He
Would be their final judge, and call them to
His bar, where all their acts would be made known:
So hardened were their hearts, and dark their minds.
Yet He, whose prayer is always heard in heaven,
Was freely offered up in their behalf;
And still upon His meditorial throne
He intercedes for helpless men, and calls
The weary wanderer to a peaceful home. M.

Cazcnoria, April 5, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

NEGLECT.

Ah, see that haggard cheek—that listless eye
Which tears long since have left—watch that frail
step,
How slow she wanders on, nor knows, nor cares
How far, or where her weary walk shall end.
The flowerets bloom beneath her feet to soothe—
The breezes fan would cool her fevered brow—
But all in vain—nor earth, nor air can give
The all-reviving charm to chase the gloom
Of midnight from the heart. The smiling babe
Reads in its mother's eye a world of love;
If tenderness refined be rooted deep
Within that mother's breast, her smile, her kiss,
Make for the little one a Heaven of joy.
The heart of childhood twines, and fondly too,
Round each loved object which adorns its path,
Knowing no guile, and fearing no disguise.
So Mary loved, in infancy, in youth;
Her little arms extended, shelter sought,

And sought in vain—her father's heart was cold.
The rod, the bitter word, the angry look
Were used unwarily to check her sports,
And her young heart was crushed, like tender plants
That grow where careless footsteps beat the path—
Their charms decaying and their beauty spoiled.

But in the tender strings that wreath the web
Of woman's fond affection, lies the power
Of elasticity, which bids them rise
And claim their wonted place, and live anew;
And, when extended to their utmost bounds,
They seek some more congenial atmosphere,
Where they can twine and cling till heart meets heart,
And makes the lovely object all its own.

When eighteen summers scarce had rolled away,
Othello came—all promise on his tongue,
All kindness in his eye. His haughty brow
Bent low before the artless maid—and bent
But to deceive. Another chord was touched,
Too rudely touched, and severed by the blow.

A father's heart may falter when he sees
His children clustering round, and daily hears
Their cries for succor which his scanty means
Can ill afford—and when anxiety
Intense, and poverty prostrate the soul,
The fondest father frowns, and even neglects
His children and the partner of his joys.

We must forgive, if dire necessity
Compel him to be cold, and yet, too oft
We pardon where we never can approve.

But if there be some thunderbolt prepared
From the red Arm of vengeance to break forth,
Then be it hurled with more than common wrath,
At his proud head who whispers to deceive,
And thus deceiving blasts the fairest hopes.

Too proud to ask the pity of a world,
Whose pity only chills the aching heart,
She drooped—the lovely Mary drooped—her eye
Lost its bewitching sweetness, and her hours
Of solitude were measured off by sighs
Which rent her feeble frame. There came an hour,
An hour of just redress, and Mary found
A sympathising friend. The light of love
Once more broke on her path, and brightly shone,
Shone but to darken her succeeding days.

The child of woe may seek, in vain, to find
A resting place on earth, when sires forsake,
And lovers wanton with the hopes they give.

Lost to all hope, the victim of despair
Pines on the world's neglect till starved to death.

One friend neglects, another passes by,
Wagging the head with scorn, the third will plant
The deepest sting by slander and by lies.

Is there true friendship then? And if there be,
Where is it to be found? Ambition's power
Will help the rich, the proud, the gay to rise,
Up to the very summit of earth's fame,
Where, looking round in scorn, their very breath
Emits a withering blast on all below.

Go, search the world with scrutinizing eye,
And treasure all the sweets which life affords;
Deep in the mire concealed true friendship lies—
Earth's brightest gem—*O, bind it to thy heart.*
'Twill shine till time and life shall fade away,
'Twill cure thee of the world's neglect and scorn.

Pass not the suffering one unheeding by
But where there is a wounded heart to heal,
There let the balm of sympathy be poured.
What if the voice of an unfeeling world
Be loud against thee? *O, regard it not,*
For thy reward is sure—when time recedes,
Thy home shall be where scorn and hate are chased
By Love's eternal sunshine far away.

S. B.

Townsend, Mass 1841.

ANSWERS.

Answer to the Geographical Enigma in our last number
GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. *Solution:*
Erie, Negro, Minho, Hong Ho, Aroon, Wells, Memel, Ec-
lah, Malar, Gashen, Warren, Willows, Wilna, Mergin,
Angha, Noon, Helena, George, Marmora, Orange, Rainy,
Owhyhee, Niemen, Siam, Elias, Negro, Milo. J. J.

Answer to the Mathematical Problem in our last num-
ber, \$383.95. J. L. W.

Answer to the Philosophical Question in the last number.
The centrifugal force of the Earth and the other planets,
counteracts the centripetal force of the Sun. J. L. W.

Answer to the Astronomical Quere in our last number:
Mercury's diameter 3000 miles, time of revolution around
the sun 87 days, around its axis 24 hours, distance from
the sun 37 millions of miles. Venus, in the same order,
8600 miles; 224 days; 23 hours; 68 millions of miles.
Earth, 7912 miles; 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes; 24
hours; 95 millions of miles. Mars, 1000 miles; 687 days,
24 hours, 40 minutes; 141 millions of miles. Jupiter, 89000
miles; 11 years; 9 hours, 55 minutes; 490 millions of miles.
Saturn, 79000 miles; 30 years; 10 hours; 900 millions
of miles. Herschel, 35000 miles; 84 years; (unknown,) 1800
millions of miles. J. L. W.

Prospectus

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